

Paging Doctor Kaspbrak by reddie_or_not

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - Hospital, Bill Denbrough & Eddie Kaspbrak Are Best Friends, Doctor Eddie, Doctor/Patient, First Dates, First Kiss, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Injury Recovery, M/M, Patient Richie, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris Are Best Friends, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, Wingman Stan, basically richie is a patient and he falls in love with his doctor, chapter two is the date, stan is done

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Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier/Eddie Kaspbrak

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Summary:

Eddie is a doctor. Richie is his patient. Eddie doesn't like Richie. Richie is head over heels for Eddie. Operation: Seduce Doctor K begins.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

world's shittiest summary but there really is nothing more to it than doctor!eddie, patient!richie, flirting, denial of feelings and *boom* resolution

As days went on a Hospital shift, this one took the shit-covered biscuit. Whoever had decided to refer to sick people as 'patients' was a fucking idiot. So far, three so-called 'patients' had demanded to be seen to, apparently their condition more urgent than those bleeding out or unconscious. To top it all off, there was one specific patient that really drove Eddie up the wall. Richie Tozier, a semi-famous comedian and right royal pain in Eddie's ass, had been admitted several days ago with abdominal pain. He'd been given a private room due to his 'celebrity status' and subsequent milling paparazzi which pissed Eddie off right off the bat. Still, he was a professional and walked into his room with his clipboard and 'bedside manner' smile.

"Good morning, Mr. Tozier. I'm Doctor Kaspbrak, I'll be looking after you. What seems to be the trouble?"

The comedian, despite being in terrible pain, had perked up immensely at the sight of his exceptionally fit doctor. He leaned over on his good side in what was supposed to be a suave manner, brushing his messy hair out of his face.

"Well, I thought it was my side until I saw you, Doc, but it seems my dick is in good need of your TLC."

He smirked not so subtly giving his doctor the once over, rather approvingly. Almost straight away, Eddie decided he didn't like Richie. He quickly examined him, staying clear of the area he'd deemed worthy of attention, and diagnosed appendicitis. He'd thought that would be the end of it. But no. Apparently, Richie was so grateful for Eddie's care, he'd requested his personal attention for the duration of his stay. Which meant Eddie was stuck treating him.

As the days went on and the more time he spent with Richie, Eddie reluctantly came to the conclusion he may not actually hate the insufferable comedian as much as he first thought. He was annoying but SO funny. Really stupidly funny and Eddie more than once had to bite his cheek to keep from laughing out loud. He was also very cute. More than once Eddie had to stop himself from viewing Richie in a less than professional manner. He was his patient, he should not be imagining Richie's infectious smile or sparkling eyes, thick glasses, lovely neck. It was inappropriate. Richie, however, didn't hold back and let Eddie know exactly what he thought.

"Ah, Doctor Sexy Ass," he'd greeted boldly one evening as Eddie entered to check on his appendectomy stitches. Eddie rolled his eyes.

"Doctor Kaspbrak, if you don't mind."

"Look, pal, I'm the one naked under this thing," Richie indicated his unflattering hospital gown, "you can at least tell me your first name. Makes us even, then."

"Absolutely fucking not."

"You talk to all of your patients like this?" Richie questioned with a grin, folding his arms, "or am I special?"

"Oh, you're special alright," Eddie said, trying to not smirk as he snapped on a pair of gloves; Richie had commented once or twice how much it turned him on to see such a thing. He motioned for him to lift his gown and inspected the surgical wound, "yes, it's healing well. The stitches can come out at the end of the week."

"That's all well and good but my dick is still a problem," he pouted, resting his arms behind his head lazily. He nodded at his crotch, smirking, "wanna take care of it for me?"

Eddie chuckled despite himself, scrawling notes on his clipboard, "it'll take more than a quick fuck with a sleazy guy that won't take no for answer for me to put my job on the line."

"Oh? Then what will it take?"

Eddie avoided looking at him, suddenly embarrassed. He avoided

looking at Richie, the only thing he could think to say was, “your Netflix specials were shit.”

“Enough with the foreplay, dude, I’m already hard,” Richie replied matter of factly, still grinning. Eddie was heading for the door, trying to hide his blush, “oh, and by the way...” the doctor paused at the door, refusing to look back at his patient. He could tell Richie was still smirking like a bitch though, “you haven’t actually said no.” Eddie left the room, his face glowing and unsure if he should be angry at himself or turned on.

Presently, Richie was more or less fine, despite being a demanding little shit. He was due to have his stitches out the following day. Only that very morning, the very moment Eddie had started his shift, he was informed Richie had broken his wrist falling out of bed, hence Eddie’s current mood. He’d been looking forward to no longer feeling flustered around the comedian. Lunchtime finally came and he gratefully caught up with his friend and colleague, Bill Denbrough. He wasted no time in asking about Eddie’s new ‘friend’.

“How’s the appendectomy guy?”

“He fell out of bed this morning and broke his wrist,” Eddie sighed, running his hands over his face, “they’re keeping him in a few more days.”

“Gives you a chance to get to know him better,” Bill was saying with a knowing smirk. One look from Eddie had him changing the subject, “so, er, what happened?”

“He was reaching for something and...erm, slipped.”

From the way Eddie was avoiding looking at him, Bill knew he had more to do with it than he was letting on, “reaching for what?”

“His emergency button, okay? I moved it out of the way to stop him paging me every two minutes.”

“Wow,” Bill shook his head, taking a long sip of coffee, “and I thought you had it bad.”

“What are you talking about?”

“The hots for him,” Bill explained delicately; Eddie had a sort of reputation among their colleagues as a bit of a hot-head, “he’s maiming himself for your attention.”

“He keeps asking me to look at his dick,” Eddie uttered casually, deep in thought. Bill paused with his sandwich halfway to his mouth, staring blankly at his friend. He snapped out of it quickly, frowning at Bill, “fuck off, Bill.”

By the time Eddie had finished lunch and returned to his duties, his patient alerts were blinking non-stop; he didn’t have to look to see who it was. He practically stormed up to Richie’s room only to find he wasn’t alone. A curly-haired man about their age was engrossed in his laptop, typing away erratically as Richie himself beckoned at his doctor with his good arm.

“Just in time, Doctor Sexy- sorry, Kaspbrak,” he corrected himself, smiling genuinely at his handsome doctor, “I saved you a good spot,” he gestured his cast at Eddie, indicating a section that was untouched by random doodles, “enough space to fit a whole phone number on there.”

Eddie noticed Richie’s *companion* roll his eyes and he couldn’t help but wonder if they were together. That would explain his annoyance. Eddie gritted his teeth, remembering he had taken an oath to save lives, not take them, “this alarm is for emergencies only.”

“This is an emergency. I’m leaving in a couple of days, I might never see you again,” Richie pouted, patting his arm eagerly. Honestly, was he forty or fourteen? He turned to his friend, “Stan, you remember that Doctor I was telling you about? He saved my life.”

“I’ve not had anyone die from a broken wrist yet,” Eddie murmured, glaring at Richie; his friend, Stan, smirked at that, still typing on his laptop. Richie shrugged.

“Still...” he batted his eyelashes, holding out a marker pen and his injured arm. Eddie glanced at Richie’s friend; he had stopped typign and was watching Richie out of the corner of his eye, silently begging him to tone down his thirst. Eddie sighed, taking pity on the poor injured pain in the neck.

"If I give you my phone number, will you promise not to bother me for the rest of the day?" Richie nodded enthusiastically and Eddie rolled his eyes, taking the pen and jotting down his number. Richie watched him dreamily, their eyes meeting after he'd finished. He nodded once, "goodnight, Mr. Tozier."

"Night," Richie said fondly, gazing at the phone number on his cast. When he looked up he noticed Stan was watching him, "what?"

Stan closed his laptop, already regretting what he was about to ask, "what was that about?"

Richie shrugged, watching Eddie through the window talking to patients and writing on his little clipboard. He was so fucking *cute*. He smiled, "it's fucking boring in here. I'm just having a bit of fun."

"The fuck are you looking at?" Stan said, craning his neck to see if anything interesting was going on outside the window. Richie quickly tore his gaze away from the window.

"Nothing. I'm not...anyway."

Stan narrowed his eyes, not buying it for a moment, "what did you do?"

He laughed, holding up his hands innocently, "nothing!"

"Okay, who are you trying to do?" Richie became uncharacteristically quiet then, his cheeks turning an interesting shade of pink. Stan's eyes widened rather comically, "damn it, Rich, your fucking *doctor*? Are you serious?"

"I like a challenge," Richie said cockily, waving happily at the window. Stan followed his gaze and, sure enough, the uptight doctor was pretending not to look. He shook his head.

"Well, you're in for a challenge, that's for sure."

"What makes you say that?"

Stan smirked, trying his best not to burst out laughing, "that's the phone number for the Hospital, genius."

Richie quickly looked down at his cast and pouted, cursing under his breath. He may have missed it but Stan sure as hell caught the doctor's satisfied smile before he walked away. He'd hoped that would be the end of it but he soon realised Richie was looking at him curiously.

"What?"

"Talk to him for me. Find out if he's single."

Stan stared at Richie as if he'd actually lost his mind, "get fucked."

"Yeah, I'm TRYing, Stanley!"

"And what, Richie? I just go up to him and start a conversation?" Stan pinched the bridge of his nose, attempting to remain reasonable, "he's going to know you sent me out there to flirt for you."

"You'll figure it out, just don't let on what you're actually doing," Richie said desperately, giving Stan the puppy dog eyes; they were hard to resist, "I really like him, Stan."

Stan smiled. Maybe Richie was capable of deep feelings and strong emotions. He didn't even know the doctor's first name and he was head over heels for him. He couldn't interfere with possible true love. He could have a part in bringing them together. If Patty were here, she'd call him a lovable sap.

"Stan."

"Stan."

"Stan!"

"*STANley!*"

"Okay, okay, Richie. Fucking hell..."

"Great," Richie beamed, leaning back against his pillows. He poured himself a sizeable amount of the whiskey Stan had reluctantly smuggled in for him, "tell him I've got a big dick."

Stan paused at the door, thinking over his words, “Rich, if I tell him you’ve got a big dick, what’s he going to think?”

Richie thought about it for a moment. It was probably better if the hot doctor didn’t think there was something going between him and Stan. He grinned, “this is why they call you Stan the Man.”

“You’re the only that calls me that, jackass,” Stan muttered as he walked out of Richie’s private room.

It didn’t take him long to find the object of Richie’s affections. The doctor was busy seeing to a young patient clutching their eye and Stan hung back, feeling a little bit like a creepy stalker. Honestly, the things he did to get Richie laid. Several minutes later, the doctor was smiling at the child and handed over a lollipop from his pocket. Stan hurried to catch up with him, grabbing his arm to get his attention. He smiled awkwardly, ruffling his hair.

“Um, hey...I’m a friend of Richie’s,” he gestured behind him towards Richie’s room, trying not to be as awkward as he felt. He could the doctor thought he was mad but was clearly too polite to say so. The doctor nodded, holding out his hand.

“Oh, yes...hello, Mr...”

“Uris, Stanley Uris,” Stan replied, shaking Doctor Kaspbrak’s hand politely. He was staring at him expectantly and Stan realised he probably should have prepared for this moment better, “um, I just wanted to say I’m sorry about Richie. He’s got a problem, I’m afraid. He just doesn’t know when to shut the fuck up.”

Eddie actually chuckled, looking at the ground shyly, “there’s never a dull moment.”

“Yeah...” Stan sighed, wondering how on Earth he managed to get put in this motherfucking situation. He ruffled his hair, taking a deep breath, “there was something I wanted to ask actually.”

“Oh?”

“Are you seeing anyone?” Stan was fairly sure he couldn’t have said anything worse if he tried; he was supposed to be subtle. Richie was

going to kill him, he'd specifically asked him to stay under the radar. Eddie was looking at him, rather confused; he was focusing particularly on Stan's wedding ring. The accountant's mouth fell open and he stammered, "no, not me! I mean, er, I'm asking for a friend," he paused, shaking his head. He was fairly sure Richie was cursing him from the other room, "no, no, I'm not. Um, I'm married," Stan smiled, gesturing his wedding ring. Eddie still didn't say anything but his eyebrow was raised slightly in amusement. Once again, Stan felt the embarrassed need to explain himself, "no, I'm- not to *Richie*, God no...I have a wife and I just wondered. That's all."

Neither of them said anything for the longest time and Stan actually wanted to die; he'd never felt so painfully awkward or embarrassed in his entire life. This was all Richie's fucking fault. If he couldn't flirt well from a Hospital, that was not Stan's problem. Finally, the doctor smiled genuinely and Stan couldn't help but notice he was blushing.

"You really are Richie's friend," Stan raised an eyebrow. Eddie immediately caught his slip=up, blushing even harder, "Mr. Tozier, I mean."

"Yeah," Stan said, praying to be taken out by snipers so he wouldn't have to suffer this ordeal any longer. Eddie, lovely sweet Doctor Kaspbrak and Stan's new best friend decided to put him out of his misery.

"Look, if he must know, I'm divorced. That usually repels dates. And before you say you're sorry," he added, spotting the standard response on the tip of Stan's tongue, "don't be, it wasn't going to work out."

"Oh," Stan uttered somewhat questioningly. He was starting to like the nice doctor and was quite interested, even if they hardly knew each other.

"I married a woman," he admitted quietly, his sexuality a well-kept secret around the Hospital. He shrugged and Stan couldn't help but feel sorry for him, "there's nothing wrong with your friend's gaydar."

"If it makes you feel any better, Richie talks a big game but he doesn't know shit," Stan said, relaxing considerably despite the

extreme stress of a few moments ago. He wasn't an idiot, he knew the doctor fancied Richie just as much as Richie fancied him. Time to play Cupid, "he seems to really like you, man."

A panicked look suddenly crossed Eddie's face and he mumbled something about having patients to see before he was hurrying off. Stan breathed out in relief, quickly retreating back to Richie's room. He collapsed into the chair, swigging from a water bottle as Richie stared at him impatiently.

"Well?"

"He's divorced from his wife," Stan said, incredibly pleased with his detective work; he'd made a right mess of things but he had done what Richie asked. Apparently, it wasn't enough because he was still staring at him.

"Yeah, and?"

"Don't worry, he's gay," Stan reassured but Richie just rolled his eyes, almost falling out of bed as he leaned over to his friend.

"Yes but what does he like doing? What's his favourite ice cream? Does he like reading? Is he a top or a bottom?"

"You are kidding, right?" Stan nearly shouted, standing up in outrage. When Richie didn't say anything else, Stan sputtered in rage, "do you want me to fuck him for you, Rich? That was a very personal thing he told me! Maybe if you grew some balls and asked him out, he'd tell you all that himself!"

Stan stormed out of the room, making sure to flip Richie off on the way out. The comedian hated it when Stan was right, mostly because he never fucking shut up about it. If by some miracle, he managed to start dating the hot doctor, he'd never hear the end of it. The next day, Richie's stitches were removed and he was discharged with an appointment to remove the cast on his wrist the following week. Eddie didn't get around to seeing him before he left the Hospital, which suited him just fine. He was looking forward to getting back into his usual routine, he didn't miss Richie one bit.

Not half an hour later, Bill had called to tell him to head down to the ER, a hint of amusement in his voice. He finished up with his patient and set off towards the ER; he spotted what Bill had been talking about straight away. Richie and his friend Stan were waiting to be seen, locked in a bitter argument; Richie was holding his scrunched up Hawaiian shirt to an enormous bleeding gash on his forehead. As Eddie got closer, he caught snippets of what it was they were arguing about.

“...should look where you’re fucking going!”

“I got hit by a fucking car, Stanley. A bit of sympathy wouldn’t go amiss.”

“You just wanted to shoot your shot again. Because it worked so well the first time.”

“Fuck you.”

Stan spotted Eddie first and nudged Richie, nodding towards the doctor he was so enamoured by. Richie jumped to his feet, slamming his eyes shut and swaying on the spot. The pain was unbearable. Stan and Eddie caught him, supporting him around the waist.

“Come to my office. I’ll fix you up.”

Stan and Eddie half-dragged Richie into his office which was thankfully only at the end of the corridor. He kept Richie conscious with constant questions about his state of health - he wasn’t particularly concerned that Richie had a concussion but it was routine. Once they reached his office, they settled Richie into a chair. As the doctor bustled about collecting alcohol disinfectant, bandages and sewing supplies, Richie had a good look around the office, particularly the name plate on the desk. He smiled lazily.

“Edward,” he let the name roll off his tongue pleasantly, chuckling softly, “I knew you had a pretty name.”

“Eddie is fine,” he said, pulling his own chair right in front of Richie. He gathered up clean gauze and the disinfectant, “this is going to sting a bit,” he gently dabbed Richie’s cut forehead and set to work

cleaning the wound, “you must really like it here. You can’t stay away.”

Richie winced in agony but still managed to smile, “yeah, must be something that keeps bringing me back.”

“Probably the food.”

Richie laughed, removing his broken glasses to give Eddie more room to work. He groaned as another lot of disinfectant was pressed to his forehead, “hey, Eds, what would happen if I kissed you right now?”

“Since I’m about to start stitching you up, you’d probably end up with a dodgy scar,” Eddie smirked although he was freaking out inside. He carefully started to sew the comedian’s wound closed; he knew he was being watched. He briefly met Richie’s eyes, “I’d probably get fired.”

“Will you please just fucking go out with him before he fucking kills himself?”

Both of them turned to Stan who looked as though he was trying to disappear through the wall; to be honest, they’d forgotten he was there. Eddie blushed terribly and Richie glared at Stan, wishing he actually would disappear. Eddie finished the stitching in silence and sat back admiring his handiwork.

“Good as new.”

Richie swallowed, smiling gratefully, “thanks.” Richie and Stan had a silent argument exchanged entirely through facial expressions as Eddie scribbled something on his piece of paper. Stan eventually won the argument and Richie cleared his throat, “um, how long until these stitches come out?”

“Why don’t you call me and I’ll let you know?” Eddie held out his hand, the piece of paper in his hands. Richie stared at in confusion.

“Couldn’t I just make an appointment?” Stan actually kicked him for that one, “OW! What?” Stan glared at him and looked pointedly at the phone number, the real one. Richie’s eyes widened, his mouth dropping open as he took the number, “you mean...you’re-”

Eddie looked sheepish, “unless you’ve changed your mind.”

Richie responded by excitedly grabbing the front of Eddie’s coat and pulling him in for a deep kiss. It lasted barely five seconds but it was enough to get them going; Eddie was swallowing urgently and Richie gazing at him adoringly. It took Stan clearing his throat three times for Richie to get up and back out of the room, still watching the doctor and promising to call him that very night. Once they were safely in Stan’s car, Richie tucked the number securely into his pocket, winking at his friend.

“Piece of cake.”

2. The Date

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Eddie get pancakes at 2 am

Notes for the Chapter:

disclaimer: I'm not sure if forensic files has ever aired in the uk and if it has I've never seen it so I apologise if I got the gist wrong :D

Richie stared at the phone number, unable to believe it was real. He had somehow managed to get the hot doctor's number! Stan had long ago dropped him off at his flat, more or less threatening him to call as soon as he'd left. Richie wanted to, he did, but it was one thing to flirt when you're stuck in a hospital bed and another to actually call and ask your crush on a date. They'd only talked in the hospital, what if they had nothing in common? What if Eddie had gone off of him? What he'd met another wise-cracking, more attractive patient who flirted the pants off of him? These thoughts and more swirled about his head so much, Richie made the mistake of telling Stan. His best friend just stared at him.

"I'm going to put this in terms you'd understand, Rich," he said unsympathetically on the drive home, "you want to get your dick wet? Man the fuck up and call him."

That did it. Stan, always his knight in shining armour, speaking words of wisdom. That night, Richie sprawled himself on the couch and composed a series of random texts, trying out which one sounded the most casual.

hey hope ur ok. how was ur shift. thinking of u

what's the difference between space mountain and my dick? u only get to ride one for free ;)

do u like to eat food? because I do. maybe we could do it together sometime?

He didn't need Stan to tell him they all sucked. After much debating and arguing with himself, Richie finally settled on what he considered a great ice breaker.

I'm watching forensic files. rt

He stared at his phone intently, waiting for some sort of reply. It was past midnight and Richie had nodded off, drooling on his phone when it buzzed. He jumped awake, checking the message urgently.

cool. what's happening? ek

It took Richie a little while to remember what exactly he was referring to. He glanced up at the TV, now playing some late night comedy special he'd never heard of. But he was cool, calm, casual. He wasn't about to let this opportunity go.

some dude killed his missus. usual shit. rt

It was another few minutes until Eddie replied.

right. I'm jerking off. ek

Richie sat bolt upright, almost throwing his phone across the room in his haste. He stared at the words about ten times, reading and rereading them. He shakily typed out his reply an embarrassingly long time later.

I think ur autocorrect is hitting on me lol. rt

Eddie sent back almost immediately.

no autocorrect. I'm jerking off to your netflix special. ek

Richie nearly died. He didn't quite know how to reply to that; he gave up trying to be cool and just responded with the first thing that came to his mind.

fuck me. really? rt

Eddie clearly had his text ready as it came back almost instantly.

don't be fucking stupid. I'm writing a research paper. ek

Richie smiled. He was convinced he was falling more and more in love with Eddie every second they communicated. He was still smiling as he sent his text.

don't care dude u cant take that lush image away from me. spank bank stuff now man. rt

fuck you. ek

Okay, now he was sure he was in love.

how's the paper going? rt

almost finished. I need a break though. why don't we meet for a drink? ek

Richie nearly broke his other wrist with the speed at which he replied.

what like now? rt

yeah. or have you gotta get up early old man? ek

u know what mr sexy doctor man? ur on. where? rt

there's a nice 24 hour diner by the hospital. they do great 2am pancakes. ek

ok. c u there. bring ur doctor's coat :D. rt

pervert. ek

Richie scurried to his bedroom and threw off his old faded hoodie, swapping it for a relaxed Hawaiian shirt over a grey t-shirt. The cast in his wrist restricted his movements and he gave up with his shirt buttons halfway through. He grabbed his keys and ran out of his flat.

The diner was nice enough but Richie hadn't raced out of his apartment at half past one in the morning to taste fucking pancakes no matter how nice they were. Unless the doctor was offering to be

the plate then he'd tuck in like a hungry fucking dog. He shook his head, pulling his jacket tighter. It was fucking cold and he still hadn't turned up. Finally, several minutes later, Richie noticed Eddie crossing the road and he breathed a sigh of relief. He hadn't been stood up! As he got closer, Richie noticed he was wearing a big puffy winter coat, with earmuffs and mittens. He looked so fucking cute Richie almost missed what he was saying.

"You weren't waiting long were you?"

"No. What the fuck are you wearing?"

Eddie glanced down at himself, furrowing his brow, "what? I'm cold!"

"Oh I wouldn't say that," Richie smirked, earning himself an eye roll from the doctor.

"Are we going to go inside or are you just going to stand there and use shitty pick up lines?"

Whilst Richie would've been happy to stay there are trade perfectly excellent pick up lines that were a guaranteed sure thing, thank you very much, he gestured at the door, following behind Eddie as he entered the diner. They sat in a comfortable booth opposite each other; Eddie perused the menu intently, weighing up his options whilst Richie completely ignored his in favour of gazing at Eddie. The tired waitress took their orders - a soy latte and syrup covered pancakes for Eddie and chocolate milkshake and hamburger for Richie. At least his choice of food made the doctor laugh.

"What am I getting myself in for?"

Before Richie could reply with something funny and slightly sexual, Eddie was removing his coat. It had been a while since he'd actually gasped at the sight of a fit guy removing one piece of clothing. Beneath his outer wear, Eddie was wearing a simple white shirt, black tie and pants. He looked good.

"Not that I'm complaining, far from it, but is there a reason you're dressed like that at 2am?" He leaned forward, making no effort to

avoid how smitten he was, “there’s no need to try so hard, I’m already seduced.”

Eddie laughed and Richie’s heart jumped; honestly, he could get used to that sound, “sorry, Richie. This isn’t for your benefit. I have an early meeting.”

“Well, I’m enjoying the view.”

It was a nice tight shirt. Richie could clearly see how hot Eddie was. He looked around the diner, taking in the aging wallpaper, bored waitress and its one other patron. He turned back to Eddie, an eyebrow raised, “don’t take this the wrong way but you don’t look like the type of guy who gets 2am pancakes in a place like this.”

Eddie shrugged, “maybe not but this place is a god send on a night shift,” after a short pause he added, “how’s your head?”

Richie gently caressed the stitches at the corner of his forehead with his bad arm, playing up a bit for sympathy, “still hurts a bit. Kiss it better?”

“I see a bump on the head hasn’t changed your personality.”

“Hey, at least I’m not asking you to touch my dick again,” he paused, thinking it over, “...unless-“

“No.”

They both chuckled, their playful conversation shifting onto work. Richie talked excitedly about stand up gigs and radio shows, Eddie animatedly shared details about his paper. By the time their order arrived, they were discussing family.

“Wait, you married your mom?”

“Not literally, asshole,” Eddie said, delicately blowing on his coffee. The sight made Richie sweat, “their behaviour patterns were really similar. I noticed but I ignored it. I knew I was gay when I was a kid but...” he shrugged, piling on more syrup to his pancakes, “back then I didn’t want to be. I just wanted to be normal, fit in. I tried so hard to be straight it became who I was.”

"I've been there, man," Richie nodded understandingly, taking a huge bite of his hamburger. He spoke as he chewed, "girlfrien's would tell me, 'so what you're gay?' Boyfrien's would say 'are you sure you're not straight?' They hated that I'm bisexual."

"That's pathetic," Eddie said, shaking his head, "you deserve everything, Richie. A girlfriend or a boyfriend who appreciates you."

"Yeah? You deserve a boyfriend who treats you right."

"I've never had a boyfriend," Eddie said thoughtfully. He'd never had a chance to be himself and now he could, he didn't know where to start, "I don't have much to offer. I'm newly divorced, never been with a guy..."

Richie actually scoffed, "please, if I was lucky enough to be with you, I know for a fact I'd never fucking shut up about it."

"You never fucking shut up anyway," Eddie said with a smirk, blushing ever so prettily. Richie probably should've been offended but he wasn't known as Trashmouth for nothing. He nodded.

"That's fair."

They continued their early breakfast in silence. Richie brazenly ran his foot up Eddie's leg as the doctor rolled his eyes, making no effort to stop him. They chatted for another half an hour about topics ranging from entertainment to future plans. They'd both made the decision they wanted to see each other again before they'd even finished their date. If it was a date. Was it a date?

"Can I ask you something?" Richie questioned when they were out in the street, watching Eddie zip up his huge coat. Eddie nodded and Richie ran a nervous hand through his messy hair, "was this a date?"

Eddie chuckled, which was a bold move for someone wearing mittens and earmuffs, "well, yeah, dipshit. At least I thought so."

"My last date ended with a blowjob in an alleyway..." Richie said to himself thoughtfully. It hadn't meant to be a line but Eddie chuckled, shaking his head.

“Well, a kiss on the cheek is all you’re getting from me.” Richie grinned, leaning in eagerly. Before he could actually follow through, Eddie stopped him with a hand on his chest, “was this date recently?”

Richie shrugged, attempting to be casual despite the fact he was close enough to touch the doctor, “before I met you, if that’s what you mean.”

“Did you bathe afterwards?”

“No, there was a nice puddle nearby,” he smirked, dodging Eddie’s swatting hand.

“Fuck you.” He tenderly leaned over and pressed a soft kiss to Richie’s cheek, stepping back to admire the puddle that he rapidly turned into. The comedian swallowed urgently, blushing furiously.

“I really want to see you again,” Richie blurted out, bringing a hand up to his burning cheek; the action made Eddie smile, a dazzling beautiful sight.

“You will.”

“Yeah?”

Eddie nodded, stepping closer to whisper into Richie’s ear, “you still need your stitches out.”

As he walked away, turning once more to give his patient a flirtatious wink, Richie melted. He waited until Eddie was out of sight before jumping on the spot in pure happiness, taking out his phone to text Stan.

I'M GONNA MARRY HIM STANLEY. YOU WILL BE BEST MAN AND GODFATHER TO OUR BABIES. rt

It wasn’t until he returned to his apartment that he found two new messages from his best friend, to his delight.

rich it's four in the fucking morning. piss off. su

I'm happy for you. su